THE WAY OF THE WORLD WHERE FAIR WOMAN REIGNS SUPREME

In Countless Ways the American Woman Has Shown Herself to Be the True Woman of the World—She Easily Becomes Adapted to Any Surroundings in a Charming Manner.

By KATE THYSON MARR.

OF all the products of American womanhood the typical woman of the world is without rival.

The New World has been the garden where the flower of womanhood has flourished in its greatest luxuriance and beauty. Sometimes wild, yet easily domesticated; sometimes gaudy, yet stately; sometimes modest, yet fascinating; sometimes dainty, yet winning; sometimes prudish, yet willing to be wooed; sometimes living only for pleasure; yet withal American women are the most charming, the most beautiful, the most chic that the world exhibits to the adoring eyes of men.

But the typical woman of the world is the most attractive of the species, and the best exponent of American womanhood, and her adaptability is her most potent charm.

Take an American girl from the lowest of social strata, garb her richly, jewel her magnificently, and place her among the best of her own or a foreign land, and in a very little while she will adapt herself to her environment and fill her position creditably.

This is the rule, the exceptions are few.

Have Invaded Europe.

The American girls who have left the shores of the setting sun to fill positions of eminence in the Old World, have, with few exceptions, reflected brilliantly on the land that despite transplanting still claims them. A man may renounce his allegiance to the dear old Starry Banner, and for ambitious reasons, legally adopt a new country, but a woman generally proudly boasts of the old home and is more patriotic in this regard.

When called upon to fill a conspicuous position, no matter what her environment may be, she is not only equal to its requirements, but fills them with credit to herself and honor both to the home of her birth and that of her adoption.

In any or every position the woman of social prominence should be a typical woman of the world. In the first place she should be broad-minded in the sense that enables her to look upon the world through the eyes of indulgence and the spirit fostered by experience.

An equable disposition is the first surety guarantee.

Really Steadier Than Man.

A woman is supposed to be as variable as a weather vane, as fickle as the moon, or as some men of whom we have heard and read, and a lot of other things that she really isn't; when in reality a woman is more steady in her love after she has once made up her mind than a man, only, gentlemen, you must be sure that she has made up her mind. Of course this is granting that she has enough mind to stand the wear and tear of the "making up" process. After this much is accomplished the rest will be smooth sailing.

An equable disposition presupposes the utmost suavity, and the charm of good breeding.

A man may be excused, if when ruffled, he blurts out a horrid lot of mean, uncalled-for things that he is ashamed of afterward, while those who love him are more so, but a woman should always have herself under sufficient control to keep an unruffled front no matter how much she may feel annoyed or chagrined.

Acme of Good Breeding.

This is savoir faire, as the French designate it, and of which there is hardly a term in our matter-of-fact tongue that it so cleverly expresses.

It is simply the acme of good breeding.

For a woman who pretends to social supremacy it is the stepping stone to success in the beginning and a guarantee of a "to be continued" series in the long run.

She must be gracious, according to each and every one a cordial greeting or a pleasing word in passing. The woman who is gracious by nature is gifted of the gods. Her whole personality diffuses the spirit of content that makes those about her feel pleased with themselves. That may seem rather a trite way of putting it, but it is expressive.

She must be indulgent of the foibles or weaknesses of others.

To my way of thinking the loveliest and most lovable women in the world is the woman who always speaks kindly of others, and such a one is the broad-minded woman of the world who is good herself, though liberal, and judges others with the same liberality.

The pious crank never seems good at heart to me. She is moral, of course, or, of necessity, and entertains rigid views in regard to what she calls virtue, but outside of her puritanical ideas she sees too little of the world to judge it or to understand its weaknesses. The pious crank looks upon herself as overripe for heaven and ready to fall into a good comfortable berth the minute she has finished her preparatory course here. She looks upon those about her as choice brands of miserable sinners, booked to arrive on schedule time in the torrid region that poor, dear Bob Ingersoll tried so hard to put out of business.

Not Viewed With Prejudice.

The woman of the world does not view others through the narrow gauge of prejudice, she has seen too much of life in its various phases not to appreciate its temptations, and has learned that weaknesses, foibles, and the appearance of wrongdoing are often construed into harm where none existed either in fact or intent.

She has a kindly word, an indulgent smile for the little indiosyncrasies of others and is lenient in her judgments.

She never indulges in sarcasms or cynical speeches, knowing well that she would lose her grip on the social world about her did she do so.

Cynicism may be pardoned as it is leveled at humanity as a class, and the man or woman so tinctured generally resorts to it at his or her personal expense.

Sarcasm a Covert Insult.

Sarcasm, on the other hand, is the cowardly shaft hurled at others. It is the covert insult, too pointed not to be felt and not sufficiently so to be resented. It is the weapon of selfishness and ill-breeding, and it is the outgrowth of egotism. The sarcastic woman will always be feared, even those who like her will dread her.

The woman of the world appreciates the respect and esteem of others. Her suavity is her charm, her good breeding her magnet, and her kindly estimate of others is the sweetest prerogative of her womanhood. She will ask no impertinent questions, she will offer no unwelcome advice, she will indulge in no candid criticisms to wound or offend, she will judge no woman by the narrow exactions of conventionality. Her prerogatives are royal and as royally dispensed. She sees only the good in others and can find in her heart always some excuse in the extenuation of the failings of others.

Good, But Not Offensive.

Her life is regulated by a sweeter, holier charity than that which often pervades an atmosphere of more religious, consequently more exacting, cliques.

She is moral without being offensively so; she does not try to impress people with the idea that she is "so good;" in fact, she cares little about that, she is charming and gracious while being unconsciously so; she sees the bright side of life in all her intercourse with others, and her urbanity smooths down its rougher edges.

She Never Condemns.

The typical woman of the world never condemns, but with a kindly word makes excuses whenever possible. She knows the world so well, hence realizes the temptations assailing inexperience, and, knowing that women are often more sinned against than sinning, she gives each the benefit of the doubt, and often, by her timely defense, turns the tide of gossip where it threatens to burst its bonds and spread ruin to its victims.

The true woman of the world is always liberal minded and extends to all a generosity of word and sentiment arising from the tact that kindly indulges faults and foibles, and, above all, she has cultivated a graciousness that never leaves her at a disadvantage.

No Harm in Fun.

She may not pose as a saint, neither is she a hypocrite, but, being good herself, she sees no harm in the fun or frolics that shock her more conventional sisters.

A thorough woman of the world is a safer, better companion for young people than all the religious cranks that ever turned freaks or posed as reformers.

She is not easily shocked, consequently young people have no fear of becoming confidential where they would not dare be with one less worldly wise.

READY FOR JACK FROST? OF COURSE.

Cozy Dens for Women Are All the Rage at Present. The Attractiveness of These Comfortable Spots Depends Entirely Upon the Personal Tastes and Artistic Sense of the Owner.

NOWADAYS private "dens" are the fashion, and everybody who possesses a room that she can call her very own free to do wtih as she likes, proceeds forthwith to furnish and decorate it according to some preconceived ideal that shall have a decided flavor of individuality about it.

Many of these dens are prepared with great care to last indefinitely, while more are but temporary nooks, copying the latest fad of the hour, following a popular theme or pastime of society with no thought of permanence, but passing out with the craze when it has run its course after a season or two.

Many Dens for Many Minds.

There is the poster den for the lovers of this particular phase of art; the golf devotee's indoor breath of the links; the belle's boudoir, with its array of favors, souvenirs and trophies of her social triumphs, and down through a hundred and one other styles to that den which exploits the very last rage—ping-pong.

Then we find the more pretentious and, undoubtedly, the more beautiful and artistic dens, of those whose tastes are literary, of artists, musicians, curio hunters and the folk who affect a foreign style, the Oriental ones being especially favored.

Certainly the latter cannot be surpassed in attaining luxurious and picturesque effects, a perfect treat for the one that dotes on the odd and unusual.

Airy, Fairy, Japanese Dens.

I know of one young girl who appropriated one of the large rooms on the top floor of her father's house, ordinarily termed an attic, but in this instance a full-sized, perfectly shaped apartment, and transformed it into a fancy Japanese tea room. It was brilliant with the draperies of these people of the Far East, the bamboo furniture, screens, pictures, fans, parasols, and here and there on the walls was a genuine tapestry of which she was very proud.

Added to this there were handsome Japanese urns standing on the floor at either side of the fireplace, and quaint vases and ornaments and jardinieres of palms occupying the various shelf projections around the room.

Matting and light-colored rugs covered the floor, and to be in harmony with all this brightness the woodwork had been stained and varnished a sort of amber shade that was distinctly pretty.

Serving Tea in Flowered Kimono.

In an exquisite bamboo-trimmed cabinet standing against the wall at one side reposed as dainty a Japanese tea service as ever delighted the feminine heart.

Here in this secluded nook the owner, rigged out in a beflowered kimono, dispensed woman's exhilarating beverage about twice a week to any of her friends who cared to drop in for an afternoon chat.

These little tea parties were strictly informal, and it is not to be wondered at that this particular den, with its smiling hostess, its refreshing hospitality, and myriads of lounging cushions, became quite a rendezvous for the members of her social set during the winter season.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

TWO figures came sauntering across a field. It was hot midsummer, and the hay was down. The woman looked like one of the delicate blue butterflies hovering faithfully around the fading meadowsweet. Her blue frock, blue eyes, and fluttering blue sunshade made a pleasant touch of color.

The man gazed at her with passionate eyes. He had watched this frail, fairy-like creature grow up at his side; they had been close friends since childhood, and today especially the old recollections crowded to his mind.

"If you would wait for me," he whispered, "I might make money in time. I would work very hard, and with you at my side——"

She clasped her small white hands pleadingly, the blue veins showed through them with painful distinctness.

"Don't, Dick, dear Dick, ever think of it again! I am so fond of life! I must live——"

"You speak as if I had suggested killing you," he said in an injured tone.

"No, no. But you must understand. I am so horribly delicate, it would be madness for a poor man to marry me. I always have to winter in the South of France. I need luxuries; they are a fatal necessity to my existence. You want quite a different wife."

"No, I don't!"

"Some one strong and capable."

"I want you!"

His voice shook; his brow clouded suddenly with the dark shadow of despair.

"Oh, Dick," she murmured, "have I hurt you so deeply?"

He answered almost roughtly, and though he looked at her, he could not see her face for the mist before his eyes.

"You misled me, Lily," he said; "unconsciously, no doubt, yet at times it seemed you would not let me escape. When I tried to go you asked me to remain; you did not weigh the consequences. I was a toy in your hands. If you had realized what you were doing, you might have spared me."

They had crossed the field and reached a little iron gate into Lilian's garden. He opened it for her, stepping back to let her pass.

"Wont you come in?"

The words rose naturally to her lips, giving color to his complaint. "You asked me to remain."

"No," he replied sharply. "I am going. Good-by."

"You have no right to be angry; it isn't as if I did not care."

"But you care so little."

His face had lost every vestige of color; he trembled as he spoke.

"I have always loved you," she declared; "but marriage is impossible. You think me heartless, mercenary, because I cannot face a life of poverty. Men are very selfish; they expect so much of women."

He took her hand silently, held it a moment with eyes fixed on the ground and then went back across the hay slowly, under the glare of the hot midsummer sun.

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A year had drifted away, and again it was midsummer.

"In the country," thought Lilian, "the hay is down."

She was enjoying the manifold delights of a London season as the fiancee of a man whom her parents explained would make "a most desirable husband."

"Lilian will have everything she wants," they told their friends. "She can now look forward to a life of perfect ease and personal indulgence. We always dreaded her marrying a poor man."

"I must see Dick once more before my wedding," she told herself. "Dear old Dick!"

She thought the matter out, and her desire for a sight of his face overcame her better judgment. Strange she should wish to stir to life those slumbering memories! But somehow the scent of last year's hay still lingered; the midsummer sun glistened temptingly upon the dainty curtains of her boudior.

As if a brain wave sped through the air, at that same hour Dick, knowing she belonged to another, paced his small room in Pimlico, and thought of her. Lilian's photograph stood on his writing table, a sad little face with large eyes crowned by a halo of fair fluffy hair.

"I must see her again," he said, "just once before she is marriaed."

He glanced at the clock. Perhaps he might find her in the park, catch a glimpse of her as she passed in her carriage. He hated the fashionable world, with its lavish display of wealth and grandeur; but for a sight of Lilian he mounted an humble omnibus and traveled on it to Hyde Park corner.

He felt certain she would be there, and his heart warmed toward her with a great longing.

"She is the victim of circumstances," he told himself; "otherwise—it might have been!"

A victoria containing a lady alone drew up at the door of Dick's lodging.

Lilian stepped out and nervously ascended the steps. She knew she was doing wrong.

"Is Mr. Urquhart at home?" she asked nervously, conscious that her voice faltered, and her cheeks grew crimson as she put the question to a stout landlady, whose elephantine proportions blocked the doorway.

"No, miss; he went out about ten minutes ago."

Lilian's face fell, a sense of bitter disappointment stole over her, and with it a longing to see the room Dick had so recently vacated.

"May I write him a letter?" she asked, walking into the narrow passage, and trying to speak unconcernedly.

"Certainly, miss. This way." A door was dung open, and Lilian breathed the atmosphere in which Dick had so lately moved. She glanced at the scattered papers on his desk, and the faded portrait of herself.

The landlady retired, closing the door behind her.

"I can't write. I shouldn't know what to say; but I'll leave these lilies," unfastening her namesake flowers from the soft chiffon of her dress.

Carelessly she let them fall to the ground, as if by accident.

"He will find my lilies," she thought, "and they will speak to him of me."

As the carriage containing its fair occupant rolled away the landlady walked wonderingly into the room Lilian had invaded with her gentle presence.

"Dear me, it is untidy!" she muttered, stooping down to brush up some tobacco on the carpet. "Lor! what beautiful flowers, all among the dust and tobacco!"

She bore them in triumph to her kitchen and placed them in water on the dresser.

The lilies lasted for some days and they looked very nice in the landlady's vase.

STORIED COLUMNS OF WESTMINSTER.

"WHAT mean ye by these stones?" was the appropriate text of Dr. Talmage at the first sermon in his third Brooklyn Tabernacle, which in its turn was burned down. He was referring specially to the blocks of stone beside the pulpit which he had brought from Calvary, Mount Sinai, and Athens; one block, hewn specially from Mars Hill, being the gift of the Queen of Greece.

A similar text might well serve Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who, it is said, will be the preacher at the opening of the Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral next June; for the marble columns, the high altar, baldacchino, etc., fashioned in all parts of the ancient and medieval world, are full of meaning.

These storied columns have been obtained at great expense from two specially opened ancient quarries, one in Thessaly and one in Euboena. Some of these monoliths were looted by the Turks when they overran Thessaly six or seven summers ago; but were eventually recovered. Quarries in Switzerland, Italy, and Norway have also contributed, the polish being at present covered with a coating of wax. Cornwall sends the high altar, one solid block of gray granite weighing twelve tons.

The eight monoliths—the usual number is four—supporting the baldacchino come from Africa and are being worked at Marseilles. But for irony—an irony, however, which loses its poignancy beneath the touch of religion and philanthropy—it would be hard to beat quarrying going on in Abraham's vineyard, near Jerusalem, under the auspices of a fund to help persecuted Jews, the stones thus cut by the Hebrews being sent to England or the United States for the foundation stones of chapels and churches.—London Daily Chronicle.